

In writing what he describes as a "memoir" of the outstanding British naval commander of the Second World War Mr. Warner has had to work under severe restrictions imposed by Lord Cunningham himself. Although he allowed the author of the official history, *The War at Sea*, access to his private papers he afterwards deposited them in the British Museum with a thirty-year restriction on their use. So readers of this book will look in vain for the pungent judgments and criticisms of his British and Allied colleagues which Cunningham undoubtedly made. They, with less reluctance, have already published their views of his professional virtues and shortcomings, but, deprived of the essential material, Mr. Warner has wisely made no attempt to redress the balance. This provides the question whether there was any point in writing this book at all, especially when Cunningham himself produced his autobiographical *Admiral's Odyssey* several years ago.

The answer is yes, on two grounds. Mr. Warner writes with great skill and charm, and his short book in contrast with the inordinate length of the autobiography gives a far clearer portrait of the man, especially as it is largely based on the personal memories of those still alive. Its second justification is that it provides some fascinating material for anyone interested in the question of what makes for a successful leader in war. Cunningham possessed qualities of severity amounting to harshness and of determination amounting to obstinacy, which men in other walks of life would have found unattractive. He was not a man of great intellect and appears to have had little sympathy with those who could not see issues in the same simple terms as he did; and he undoubtedly had a view of the paramountcy of the Royal Navy which made it difficult for him to realize the Royal Air Force's right to equal consideration. It is easy and fashionable to condemn such limitations, and yet it is arguable that they were assets in the particular roles that Cunningham was called upon to play.

This was certainly true of his success as commander of the Mediterranean Fleet, because it was these very qualities which enabled him to

bring his force to a high pitch of efficiency which was maintained through triumph and disaster, and which gained him that personal respect and affection from his subordinates that is one of the essentials of a great commander. Also arising from his own character was an ability to resist what he thought to be wrongly directed pressures for action, even though they came from Churchill himself, and that rare quality among men who delight in responsibility: the readiness to trust his subordinates.

This last was the most valuable asset which he brought with him to the First Sea Lord's chair, a situation which was not attractive to him. In complete contrast to his predecessor, Dudley Pound, Cunningham never concerned himself with detail and avoided as far as was possible any interference with the men in command at sea. Highly revealing of the attitude behind this is Mr. Warner's anecdote of his refusal to send to Admiral Fraser after his sinking of the *Scharnhorst* the naval staff's correct but to his mind irrelevant criticisms of the tactical conduct of the action.

Mr. Warner traces Cunningham's career, the earlier part of it largely spent in destroyers and light cruisers, in enough detail to reveal the evolution of the full man. Alertness, vigour and "relentlessness in pursuit of excellence" are the characteristics which emerge most strongly. The treatment of the war years is necessarily anecdotal, but again it contributes to what is a most pleasing and meaningful portrait of a great sea-commander.

Nicely printed and illustrated, *The Counting of the Welfare State* by Lady Gertrude Williams (Allen and Unwin, 25s.) looks and reads like a school textbook. It is not, however, clear from the dust-jacket or elsewhere what audience it is addressed to. As an introduction to the historical development of Britain's social services it should prove useful for sixth-formers or students at colleges of further education. Unfortunately, it is in some respects already out of date.

It was bound to come sooner or later: better sooner while the subject of the legend is still alive. It was not, however, to be expected that the first book devoted exclusively to an attack on Field Marshal Montgomery should take such an odd form: restricted to the period between August, 1942, and December, 1943, it forms almost a companion piece and commentary to his subject's first published work *From El Alamein to the River Sangro*. This was indeed the formative period for the legend, but it is still rather odd to take leave of the hero outside the Opera House in Vasto before he had ever commanded his Army Group or achieved his greatest triumph in the liberation of Europe.

Mr. Thompson brings to his task a high aspiration to shine and a stock of rather tendentious reading. His style is spirited but his approach to the facts is necessarily rather slapdash. It shakes the reader's confidence in his grasp of military dispositions and even of geography to discover on page 32 that he imagines the Eighth Army had lost Bardia, Sollum and Halfaya in January, 1942; at that time, as he goes on to relate, they were still holding the Gazala position which even his own inadequate map shows to have been more than 100 miles farther west. It is of little consequence that he refers throughout to the U.S. Second Corps as the Eleventh; it is more important that he misdates Alexander's order to Montgomery at the height of the Kassassin battle because if he had grasped the significance of the timing of this affair he could have forwarded the purpose he had in mind by making a more severe attack on Montgomery's subsequent account of the outcome. Here and elsewhere

he suffers the disadvantage of not having available the fourth volume of the official history. Nevertheless it shows a lack of understanding of the course of the battle of Alamein (Second Alamein he always calls it, perhaps with some reason) that he believes the British had by October 24 captured the famous Kidney Ridge, whatever the version of the battle he was basing himself on and in spite of the fact that the official historians are unable to say when that controversial feature was captured or whether it ever existed.

Although, however, he can be criticised on detail he makes a number of points which, if not new, deserve to be emphasised. He knows that Anchutnek not only won a great defensive victory at First Alamein but also that at the time when legend supposes him to have been thinking of abandoning Egypt he was pressing for a vigorous offensive. He is aware of the many changes of plan at Second Alamein. Although he wrote before the official history, his account of the successful German withdrawal out of Egypt to beyond Tripoli anticipates remarkably its tone and general conclusions, though he prints rather more of Rommel's insidious references to Montgomery's time-wasting and over-insurance than the official historians allow themselves. "An extreme, often incomprehensible, caution" is one such expression which contrasts interestingly with what Rommel had said in July about Anchutnek's "considerable enterprise and audacity." He devotes much space to Montgomery's relations with the press and his insistence on personal publicity. Criticism here may be a little overdone, since the nature of modern war perhaps requires a commander to use the

broadest methods of public personality to the troops and the public. More worthy of the deliberate denigration of the evidence is the detail of a Star Ribbon to anyone who in the Army fell before October 1942, even though he might have served longer in it than Montgomery himself.

Mr. Thompson has a knack to grind besides his bias. He occasionally also lapses into a barbed attack on Churchill, the "Marlborough" as he calls the title of an earlier book for instance, interested in a list of Staff, Domo-Smith, and O'Gowan, who were before in works when Mr. Thompson is frankly hostile in the campaigns in which he is probably for lack of his sources, and though he is scathing about Montgomery on planning he misses the chances; but when it comes to operations, he can see only to Patton's superiority in movement and intelligence situation. He writes sometimes floridly, and sometimes in an epigrammatic style, as in his on the desperate situation of those who are left behind in the desert.

"Even Rommel, who was a debunking book will not be satisfactory, but it is a book that they will find the most more authoritative of the last two parts of *Com to The Desert Generals*.

GOTHIC DEFENCE

DOUGLAS ORGILL: *The Gothic Line*. The Autumn Campaign in Italy, 1944. 257pp. Heinemann.

In the autumn of 1944 the German Army Group in Italy, under Field Marshal Kesselring, successfully defended the northern extremity of the Apennines against attacks by the American Fifth and British Eighth Armies. This position was known to the German planners as the *Gothic Line* or the *Gothic position*; not because any Goths had ever attempted a similar defence there but rather as a nod to their supposed Teutonic forefathers, two of whom, Alboin and Totila, had already received the honour of being used as code names for positions farther south in Italy. Since the autumn of the year before war had been in progress, rather intermittently, on a connected series of fixed defences running from the Tyrrhenian Sea just south of La Spezia to the Adriatic at Pesaro; these works were called the *Grüne Linie* or Green Line. British usage conflated the two names, providing Mr. Orgill with his title. It is remarkable, however, that in spite of all the German skill in fortification, of which he gives a full account, and almost a year's continuous labour, the actual line played almost as small a part in the autumn campaign as the Maginot Line in that of 1940. The battles he records:

The ridge of Gemmano, scattered with the dead of two British divisions; Croce and San Savino, which reminded senior officers of the scenes of Flanders in the First World War; the lowering escarpment of Livorno where Mark Clark's American infantry clung and crawled and died in the rain and mist;—all these were fought many miles behind the Gothic Line. The Eighth Army's attack, in Alexander's words, swept through the line "almost as though it were not there"; Fifth Army breached it in little more than a day's hard fighting. It was the last ridge of mountains behind the line, and the pitiless Italian weather, that frustrated the assault.

Mr. Orgill commanded a troop of tanks in the campaign. He has produced a factual narrative of exceptional vividness and accuracy. Over and over again, sometimes in his own words, sometimes by reproducing contemporary accounts of eye-witnesses, he gives the unmistakable feel of battle. He recalls the smell also, and the noise, and the sudden silences. Perhaps he is at his best in describing the "fog of war" in action, in a letter

rain which often seemed impossible, where tanks slipped and cast their wheels on the muddy mountain slopes and the approach march took almost as much out of an armoured regiment as the encounter itself. It is not possible by quotation to give an adequate impression of his merits; the picture is drawn by an accumulation of detail. It must be reckoned among the best battle pictures of the Second World War; true to life and carrying conviction by careful documentation.

In the realism of Strategy Mr. Orgill moves with less assurance than at company level. He is probably right, however, in his judgment that Alexander's original plan for a concerted attack by his two armies against the centre of the line offered a better chance of success than the one eventually adopted whereby the Eighth Army put all its weight on the right flank leaving the centre to Mark Clark. He makes it clear that the change was due to General Leese's preference, and he hints at one possible cause when he speaks of the rivalry between the two army commanders. Leese was prepared to hand over a whole British corps to Clark's command for the sake of getting his own battle to fight in the way he wanted. It is not necessary to infer, however, that Alexander was wrong in allowing Leese his head; he might well have been less effective if constrained to follow a strategy contrary to his convictions.

It is the treatment of grand strategy that is least convincing. Mr. Orgill does not appear to have grasped the purpose of the campaign. On no early page he complains that it was "little more than a holding operation"; it was in truth nothing more. He returns to the point in his epilogue. After expressing his own views on the failure of the campaign to achieve wider objects, in the sense of gaining ground, he says:

There remains the other justification, more often advanced, that the whole of the Italian campaign was a vast holding operation, engaging the attention of considerable enemy forces which might have been invaluable elsewhere. Alexander himself holds firmly to this view. . . .

This is rather hard on Alexander. In his Despatch, of which Mr. Orgill makes extensive use, he makes it plain that this is not merely his view, in retrospect; it was the object he had before him at the time. It was, quite simply, what he was ordered to do by the Combined Chiefs of Staff.

WORLD WAR II
History of the Second World War
Volume I. Edited by H. P. Jones.
Editor in Chief: Sir John H. Hart.
336pp. Purnell.
This volume takes the reader to the end of 1940 and the most dramatic of the war's first years, as well as the invasion of Britain and the evacuation of Dunkirk. It is a masterpiece of editing, bringing together the best of the official history and the best of the popular press. It is a book that every reader of the war should have.

TRIS HOTTEN: *Rule of Three*. Sarah Duchess of Marlborough and her Companions in Power. 379pp. Hodder and Stoughton. £2 15s.
DAVID GREEN: *Sarah Duchess of Marlborough*. 351pp. Collins. 45s.

It is an odd coincidence that these two books, each the outcome of prolonged and diligent research, should have appeared within a week of each other. The circumstance may well have caused some irritation to the authors, and to their respective publishers. But it would be regrettable if readers were to suppose that they enter precisely the same ground. Miss Butler's book is considerably longer; Mr. Green's is more generously illustrated and more elegantly produced. Both writers have included a good deal of unpublished material, with Miss Butler making greater use of Lord Spencer's manuscripts at Althorp, and Mr. Green relying mainly on those of the Duke of Marlborough at Blenheim. But the main difference is one of emphasis. Mr. Green has written a straightforward biography of Sarah Duchess of Marlborough. Miss Butler's book, as its title implies, is primarily a study of the relationship between three women: the formidable Duchess, Queen Anne and Abigail Hill.

The career of Sarah Lennox makes a dramatic story, and both authors are well aware of the fact. Just occasionally they seem about to trespass upon the territory of the historical novelist. The heart sinks when Mr. Green, in his opening paragraph, writes of "the fabled nonsense of those Kit-cat epistles Sir Samuel Garth. Sir John Vanbrugh and the rest". But his book as a whole is greatly superior to its introductory chapter. "Robert Harley creeps out from under his stone about 1680", observes Miss Butler, who cherishes a deep distaste for that far from contemptible politician. Again, a measure of parti-

anship does not seriously detract from the merits of her book. Perhaps partisanship is unavoidable. The story of John, Duke of Marlborough, was told by his illustrious descendant in a superb biography, but one that makes no claim to be impartial. His Duchess casts over her own biographers the same irresistible spell. They do not seek to palliate her vagaries and her extravagances, or to deny that she was often the most tactless and exasperating of women. But they remain her champions throughout the long battle that was her life.

Keller's portraits do much to explain her compelling personality. Both books reproduce the lovely sketch at Althorp, with short locks tumbled about a youthful head. Both include the more formal portrait at the same house; and Mr. Green also has the mantilla painting at Blenheim and the one at Petworth in which she wears her golden key of office. She would never allow herself to be depicted in old age; she always appears in the height of her beauty, vivid, self-confident, radiating the easy charm which captivated the shy, hesitant and awkward Princess Anne.

The relationship of the two women is described by Miss Butler with great discernment. Not only did Sarah Churchill and her husband, with their vitality and their parache, support the Princess through the anxieties of her father's reign, and during her long subordination in the reigns of her sister and her sister's husband. The intimacies of family life were woven into the fabric of politics.

They were young women together with many shared memories of girlhood. . . .

The elder, more experienced of the two, led, counselled and advised the other through those invasions, satisfying conversations and exchange of experiences that take place between young mothers.

Anne responded with pathetic gratitude. It was she who suggested that they should correspond as Mrs. Morley and Mrs. Freeman, who invented the names and asked Sarah which she chose. "My frank, open temper," Sarah recalled long afterwards, "naturally led me to pitch upon Freeman."

Then came the first great years of Anne's reign, and the most glorious of Marlborough's victories. They seemed the culmination of a lifetime of loyalty and friendship. In moving terms the Queen wrote to Sarah: "I will never forsake your dear self, Mr. Freeman, nor Mr. Montgomery [their name for Godolphin], but always be your constant faithful servant, and we four must never part, till death news is given with its impartial hand." A few years more, and the third of the women in the story, Abigail Hill, presently Mrs. Masham, makes her appearance. She was an impoverished cousin for whom Sarah had obtained the post of headmistress of the Queen's school. Ministering to the needs of the Queen's declining health, sympathetic to her Tory views, and in regular communication with Harley and the Tory party, she finally achieved the ousting of Sarah and the total overthrow of the Marlborough influence.

Miss Butler grounds us with intuition and skill through the complexities of this story, with all its tensions and recriminations. She brings out Sarah's entire lack of consideration for the Queen, the unrelenting possessiveness of her attitude, and the saddening and embarrassing scenes that constantly occurred. Mr. Green

likewise illustrates the tenacity of the struggle by printing a deplorable letter which Sarah and her ally Arthur Maynwaring concocted for dispatch to the Queen, though whether it was actually delivered is uncertain, and an appalling anonymous invective which they certainly sent to Abigail.

Seldom can the destinies of the nation, and indeed of a continent, have been swayed to such an extent by personal antagonism and spite. The welter of political strife continued to the end of the Queen's reign, and snarled round her very deathbed. Thus the years of Abigail's ascendancy were few, and she and her husband shared thereafter in the long eclipse of the Tory party. Much though Miss Butler evidently dislikes her, she has devoted a chapter to the subsequent history of the Mashams, and describes in evocative detail a visit to the Essex churchyard which contains the tomb of this woman who so strangely influenced the history of Europe.

Miss Butler does not conclude *Rule of Three* with the death of one of the three and the disappearance of another. She pursues the story of the Duchess to the end, with all its storms and tribulations. But for these later years Mr. Green's book is the more detailed. He has already written admirably on Blenheim Palace, and is familiar with every phase in the creation of that magnificent scene. The Duchess derived little personal happiness from Blenheim, the scene of battles very different from those of her husband whom the palace commemorates so gloriously. The tale of her relations with Vanbrugh has never been better told, and the architect emerges from their embroilment with dignity as well as humour.

The two dutiful Marlborough daughters died young, the less dutiful pair survived. Over them, and over the progeny of all four, the Duchess sought to establish the overbearing control against which Queen Anne had finally rebelled. Family rela-

tionships, upheavals and commotions, the dominating intractability of old "Mount Aetna" fill the concluding chapters of both books. She exercised her sway indomitably until the end. Mr. Green concludes his final chapter with the words of Arthur Maynwaring, "there is nobody like her, nor ever will be."

There is a good deal of unpublished material scattered through these two commendable biographies, and several familiar anecdotes may have to be rephrased. For example, the famous verdict of Charles II on Prince George of Denmark, the husband of Queen Anne, is quoted by Miss Butler from a document of Althorp and by Mr. Green from another at Blenheim. As retold by the Duchess, it reads: "King Charles II. had tried him all ways and at last thought he might make something of him and best discover of what he was made in the way of drinking, but declared upon the experiment that he could compare him to nothing but a great fart or Vesel standing still and receiving unmoved and undisturbed so much liquor whenever it came to it."

This may be only one version of several, but there can be no doubt as to the reply of the Duchess to the Duke of Somerset's proposal of marriage. Sir Winston Churchill's majestic rendering, apparently derived from the historical William Cox, has been much repeated by other writers:

"If I were young and handsome as I was instead of old and faded as I am, and you could lay the empire of the world at my feet, you should never share the heart and hand that once belonged to John, Duke of Marlborough."

Sarah had a gift of phrase, but could not rise to such heights as these. Her letter of refusal, a copy of which is now in the Blenheim archives, is more prosaic and more probable. She merely assured the Duke that "I am resolved never to change my condition, and if I know any thing of my self I would not marry the Emperor of the world tho I were but thirty years old."



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AS OTHERS SAW US

HENNING SCHULTEN: *Ladies, Lords and Liedersage*. With an Introduction by Philippe Julian. 220pp. Berlin: Propyläen. DM.48.

For sheer chic this handsomely boxed volume of 111pp. by 9in. stole the show last September at the Frankfurt Book Fair when a first pre-publication copy was rushed into print to be exhibited at the Propyläen stand. Designed by Gutthard Beuchler, bound in plushy pillbox-coloured wallpaper by Johannes Weissbecker, boxed in a black-and-white tarzan, decorated on the cover by the famous Gillray etching of the four feet in bed and on the box by Rowlandson's fat woman being faced by her corset by a tiny male, this coffee-table book shows that the genre can still be revived successfully if it is the result of a truly original idea.

The idea here is as simple as it is successful: the editor has sifted through letters, diaries, travel reports and other notes left by foreigners who visited the British Isles between the mid-eighteenth century and the beginning of the Victorian era and has juxtaposed these with drawings, oils, watercolours, engravings, etchings and mezzotints by British artists of the same period. Sometimes the illustrations bear out the words, at other times they contradict them.

The introductory essay by Philippe Julian, who made a killing some years ago with his *Archbishop*, makes heavy weather of a distinction between the dandy and the

Some of the travellers are known to all of us: La Rochefoucauld, Montesquieu, Rousseau, Stendhal, Casanova, Heine, Grillparzer, Schopenhauer, Liechtenberg, Willibald Alexis, Pushkin, Lermontov, Piotr Makarov, Nicolai Karazin; others will be known only in a small circle, and it is among these that the most entertaining discoveries are to be made: Dorothea von Lieven's letters to Metternich, Johanna Schopenhauer's travel reports from Scotland, Madame de Avni's letters from London, Carlo Castone Rezzonico's diaries in England between 1787 and 1788, Don Manuel Alvarez Espriella's letters from England in 1807, Amédée Trossat's comparisons of Paris and London, and some striking passages by A. J. B. Defaucompret, Baron von Philnitz, Justus Möser, Georg Forster, Christian August Goede, Pavel Svinjitz, Constantin Bujalsky and Barthelémy Faujas de Saint-Fond.

The introductory essay by Philippe Julian, who made a killing some years ago with his *Archbishop*, makes heavy weather of a distinction between the dandy and the

eccentric and goes on to talk more charmingly than profoundly about "The Milord", "The Esotiques", "The Characters" and "The Aesthetes". The book itself groups its material under similarly traditional headings: "Arrival in Albion", "My Home is my Castle", "Ladies and Dandies", "The English Eccentrics", "High Society", "Spleens and Hobbies", "Beggars, Quacks and Gallies-Birds", "Ladies of Easy Virtue", "John Bull and the Muses", and "Some English Beauties". But the conventional nature of the structure can be forgiven because the travel reports are so uncommonly well chosen and so strikingly matched with illustrations drawn not only from such obvious sources as Hogarth, Gillray, Rowlandson, Cruikshank, Bunbury, Heath and Henry Alken, but also from less likely painters like Romney, Raeburn, August Goede, Pavel Svinjitz, Constantin Bujalsky and Barthelémy Faujas de Saint-Fond.

The introductory essay by Philippe Julian, who made a killing some years ago with his *Archbishop*, makes heavy weather of a distinction between the dandy and the

F. R. H. DE BOWLEY: *The Lordship of Canterbury*. An Essay on Medieval Society. 418pp. Nelson. £4 4s.

Professor De Bowley's admirable and detailed study of the Lordship of Canterbury is of wider interest than its subject, a detailed examination of a chapter of English medieval history might suggest. For it is the study of a large county, and an ancient one, where for more than a millennium the Archbishop of Canterbury was the largest landowner. With all the manifold implications for feudal society. The book is an admirable example of documented history, and begins properly with a listing and evaluation of sources, with due warning of the vulnerability of historical records—such as the Peasant Revolt of 1381 and the Hundred Years War in the East Kent villages.

The problems connected with the Conquest and the endowments are lucidly explained, as are the possessions, duties and liberties of the Archbishop as

a feudal magnate, with his knights, his lands, his tenants and their services, and his ("prerogative word") liberty. While the main narrative is intricate and technical, the author has a fine flair for the picturesque and is intriguing for instance in describing the speed and reliability of the Peasant intelligence service in 1381, or the five tenants of Wingham bearing their faggot in penance, not for heretical pravity but for refusing to carry hay to Canterbury. There is a pleasing reference to the sociological implication of the family walk to Church.

In one special way the Lord of Canterbury was at a disadvantage in being a bishop. He could not get rid of parts of his estate that might have been better sold.

But at the Reformation there came new pressures. The dilemma of Cranmer, himself in debt, and faced with demands for exchanges, is sympathetically discussed, indeed almost

Challis have recently brought out a new edition of Sir Arthur Bryant's biography of Samuel Pepys in three volumes: *The Man in the Making* (146pp.), *The Years of Peril* (460pp.) and *The Swerve of the Tide* (452pp.) They were first published in 1933, 1935 and 1938 respectively and cost £2 2s. each.

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GALLIMARD

SIMON KIERKEGAARD: *Crises in the Life of an Aesthetic*. And other essays on Drama. Translated with introduction by Stephen Criles. 154pp. Collins. 25s.

The Introduction to Kierkegaard's three articles on acting occupies half of this little book. "The articles and Kierkegaard's life-interest in the theatre are not self-explanatory, and Professor Criles tells the reader just what he needs to know, working his material so well together that it ends by becoming a well-balanced account of Kierkegaard's work as a whole—as good as if not better than anything of the kind within its limits. In treating the "three stages of life"—the aesthetic, the ethical and the religious—Professor Criles' introduction has the great merit of never losing sight of "the equilibrium between the aesthetic and the ethical in the composition of personality" and so of not over-simplifying Kierkegaard's philosophy into a ruthless "either-or". The articles themselves are a reminder that to the end of Kierkegaard's life the "choice" was in no narrow sense exclusive. As he once wrote, he had been nourished on the Bible and Shakespeare, and the most tedious interpretations of his work are those which forget Shakespeare's influence on it.

Professor Criles begins by recalling the actors who inspired these articles. In particular Louise Heiberg, the greatest actress of the time, and her husband, J. L. Heiberg, an elegant philosopher with a smattering of metaphysics. Professor Criles might have explained the best known of what he calls Kierkegaard's "sly jokes" at Heiberg as it occurs in the longest of the philosophical works. In the *Concluding Unscientific Postscript* Heiberg appears thinly disguised as a pompous ass "Dr. Hjortspring". —Dr. Stag's leap. This needs a footnote, which it gets in the French translation. Heiberg was said, by the gossips, to be impotent, and Hjortspring, in the vernacular, means aphrodisiac.

"It is more difficult to describe a

particular actor," Kierkegaard wrote, before beginning these articles, "than to write a whole philosophy of art." Fortunately for us, perhaps, he chose the hard road. But the question which dictated his whole approach to the theatre or, as Professor Criles says, his philosophy of art, comes out clearly enough. "In these articles, the polarity between immediacy and reflection is basic." That is not saying too much. Not only in these articles, but throughout Kierkegaard's work, in particular wherever the "equilibrium" between the aesthetic and the religious spheres is explored, the overriding question is the relation of reflection and immediacy, or spontaneity. The parallel with Nietzsche's *Birth of Tragedy* ("the polarity between the Dionysian and the Apollonian") is sounded out in a footnote, though it is far more instructive than the reference to Herman Hesse's *Siddharta*.

There is, in fact, another parallel to Kierkegaard's view of the theatre in Kleist's short story, "Das Marionettentheater". Professor Criles might have mentioned it. In Kleist's story, the narrator, while watching the marionettes in the Residenzgarten in Munich, falls into conversation with a dancer from the Opera. How is it, he asks, that wooden dolls manipulated with strings can be so graceful? After giving his explanation, the dancer counters with another question: can one hope that grace of movement (spontaneity) will be recaptured after every movement has become conscious and reflective? Thus Kleist's preoccupation was remarkably close to Kierkegaard's, twenty years later.

As his style and his gift, Professor Kierkegaard writes in a quiet outpouring of acutely sensitive, richly repetitive, deeply cultivated talk. He is condemned to death, he is reprieved, he luses a parent, he is incurably ill, he is growing older and nearer to a death that is still indeli-

presumably, then grace reappears once more. . . . And that is the last chapter of the world's history.

The "last chapter" that is the ultimate question raised by the present age, which for Kierkegaard is "the age of reflection". Can that "grace" be recaptured, can the most personal and individual in man, what Kierkegaard calls his *Primordial*, his spontaneity, be saved? Grace is a dual-purpose word, and doubly suitable. It indicates in the first place the parallel between the aesthetic and religious and the point of equilibrium.

VLADIMIR JANKÉLÉVITCH: *La Mort*. 42pp. Paris: Flammarion. 25fr.

What sorts of things might one expect a philosopher to have to say about death? Professor Jankélévitch writes about it for 400 pages and more. He tells us that death is both the most banal and natural of events, but also that it is both unacceptable and inconceivable. Death is beyond all experience, it is something that happens to someone else, it is the end that we can never reach. Yet I too will die, my death is already present in the impermanence of each passing moment, there will be a time—somebody else's time—when I am nothing at all. It is death that gives true meaning to life: it is death that renders life meaningless. If thought, love and liberty are all able to conquer death through their defiance, death will conquer their defiance as it returns them to the nothing from which they arose.

As is his style and his gift, Professor Jankélévitch writes in a quiet outpouring of acutely sensitive, richly repetitive, deeply cultivated talk. He is condemned to death, he is reprieved, he luses a parent, he is incurably ill, he is growing older and nearer to a death that is still indeli-

CONDEMNED TO DEATH

VLADIMIR JANKÉLÉVITCH: *La Mort*. 42pp. Paris: Flammarion. 25fr.

What sorts of things might one expect a philosopher to have to say about death? Professor Jankélévitch writes about it for 400 pages and more. He tells us that death is both the most banal and natural of events, but also that it is both unacceptable and inconceivable. Death is beyond all experience, it is something that happens to someone else, it is the end that we can never reach. Yet I too will die, my death is already present in the impermanence of each passing moment, there will be a time—somebody else's time—when I am nothing at all. It is death that gives true meaning to life: it is death that renders life meaningless. If thought, love and liberty are all able to conquer death through their defiance, death will conquer their defiance as it returns them to the nothing from which they arose.

As is his style and his gift, Professor Jankélévitch writes in a quiet outpouring of acutely sensitive, richly repetitive, deeply cultivated talk. He is condemned to death, he is reprieved, he luses a parent, he is incurably ill, he is growing older and nearer to a death that is still indeli-

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EVERYMAN'S GOD

E. G. LEE: *The Minute Particular*. SCM Press. 21s.

The spiritual autobiography is almost as fashionable today as the penny-farthing. Some few books by ex-priests and nuns appear as retrospective accounts of a religious experience and attract the interest of the curious; but the straightforward account of what it means to have faith is a corollary that most publishers must consider a liability.

Not so this book. It is written by a Unitarian minister, who looks back on his seventy years in an attempt to define the common element of his particular Christian life which seers against others, he they Buddhist or Roman Catholic. Mr. Lee can write, he does so with a simple directness that is sometimes almost naive but which never fails to hold the attention.

Taking his title and inspiration from Blake's *Jerusalem* "For art and science exist but in minutely organized particulars. And not in generalizing demonstrations of the rational power . . .". Mr. Lee sets out to explore his own strictly personal experience of God, "a doctrinally outside the main stream of Christianity", as he puts it. In this way he hopes to bypass the familiar ecumenical dialogue and penetrate some new ground that all men, including non-Christians, share.

Not that he scorn present attempts to heal the divisions of Christianity and relate it more directly in the common man's experience of life, but he is certain that if Christians would only pause to deepen the grasp of their own individual faith, they would find new roots of unity below the tangled surface of their doctrinal differences. It is easy for Mr. Lee to say this. Blessed as he is with a comfortably light doctrinal knapsack, he seems to forget that for some Christians faith springs from their living experience of doctrine. It is quite misleading, therefore, to juxtapose a library with more or less volumes on its shelves according to the owner's reading habits. And this is the erudition of Christian disunity, that while the Christ that all experience can only be one and the same, the way they experience and articulate it differs widely among Christians.

At one level of the book Mr. Lee quietly urges his point that faith is

Fiction (continued)

RESTIVE

RESIST DE LA BRETONNE: *The Corrupted Ones*. Translated and edited by Alan Hull Walton. 223pp. Neville Spearman. 30s.

The English title is a sad comedown after the French, *Le Paysan et la paysanne pervertis*: *the sinners of the village*, which *Restif* hoisted over this book as a flag of convenience. The translator considers it a masterpiece, but this has not stopped him editing it thoroughly, so as to release the intrigue from the digressions. Much of what remains is so conventional that one wonders whether the bath-water might not have been better value than the baby.

The plot tends to flow easily along in the channels worn for it by generations of gallant literature, allowing *Restif* little scope to bring in his obsessions. The eroticism is standardised; lovely girls faint and come round too late to stave off rape, sleeping partners are easily switched thanks to total blackout in the bedroom, and so on. It is similar that *Restif* should seem more personal when it comes to degrading women than when pleasing them, but in general his energetic field-work as a sociologist of love has not added much to *The Corrupted Ones*.

The corruption theme itself is also routine, making a hollow comparison between the family-centred values of the countryside and the hedonistic licence of the towns. Luckily, however, *Restif's* innocent, Edmund and his sister Ursula, are corrupted not by simple contagion but by the promptings of a wicked aunt, Grandmother d'Aras. This icy pupil of the Enlightenment has sometimes been seen as the model for *Restif's* Vautrin, but since *The Corrupted Ones* is in letter-form he is forced to convert the young by post, which deprives him of any physical presence. Moreover, for much of the book Gaudet is content to teach his victims how to use their bodies to the class-war, rather than overturn society altogether. But just before he comes in an exemplary end he undergoes an unexpected and gratifying enlargement in stature, when his vast egoism is suddenly dampened by some of *Restif's* own eccentric socialist. Only here is Gaudet truly domestic, and some of his plans for society have a warped generosity all their own: he proposes, for example, to make debauchery so profitable a fashion that the rich will be ruined and their money redistributed among the needy.

Alan Hull Walton has deliberately translated *The Corrupted Ones* into English, and therefore rather inaptly, because some of the illustrations from the original French editions. But only a glimpse of what *Restif* was like, perhaps, on Mr. Lee's own point of sympathy, his particular experience of religious or human.

NICE GUY

RONNIE WHITTE: *His Own Kind*. 223pp. Bodley Head. 25s.

Mr. White, whose lively and luminous evocation of the Indian scene in earlier books is remembered, here turns his attention to his own country, the United States, and in particular to Warren Turner, a professor of English in the Californian university of El Cerrito.

Turner is unconventional, addicted to the dangerous practice of loving his neighbour as himself; in addition he is a bit of a trouble-maker, and his two are written as if by a man who has accompanied the professor on his journeys, and who has seen the ups and downs of his life. Turner is a man of letters, and his writing is a pleasure to read, and his reporting is to India in particular.

The final verdict is that *His Own Kind* is a book that is well worth reading, and that it is a pity that it is not more widely known.

White brings out Turner's doomed likeness with his own, and sympathy. But he over-looks the fact that the mishaps which befall Turner are the result of his own actions, and not of the whims of fate. Turner is a man who is not to be pitied, but to be respected.

BRAVE OLD WORLD

RICHARD STEIN: *Stitch*. 205pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 21s.

In *Stitch* Richard Stein has a theme that Henry James might have gently yet ever so persistently worried over. The characters are American expatriates in Italy—in Venice for the most part—interested in the artistic process though not necessarily good at it, and interested, if often ruinously, in each other. The similarity to James, though, should not be too strongly pressed. These people have a harsh, succinct, sometimes coarse, way of talking that James would not have approved of, and some of them have most un-Jacobean money troubles.

Stitch himself is an octogenarian sculptor who has peopled a small island with his creations. But *Stitch*, formidable in an accomplishment compared to the others, can't really be said to have made it. "The greatest men exhausted what they touched, but *Stitch* lingered, hinted, compared, abandoned. His island was beautiful wreckage. . . . *Stitch's* life, as well as his island, marked the generosity of his passion. He was always leaving things out, abandoning them, as he had his children. . . . The others are Nina, the world-weary epic poetess, vivid, lively and always likely to make impulsive mistakes, who struggles towards her objective through the cold, sometimes Venetian winter. Her body had known passion, her mind was not tamed in it, and Edward, over-weight and deplorable, a culture-loving, clutch-like, and indecently unattractive. Europe

has brought out the worst in Edward, so his justifiably railing Uccisoli, a wife thinks; it has underlined the selfishness which lies at the core of his hungry pursuit of love.

Edward is a triumph of characterization, but perhaps the most haunting character of all in this remarkable book is Venice herself. Venice, a

wintertime Venice, is always beautifully on the page: the cold streets across the lagoon, the misty, clanking vapours rising off the smaller canals, the palaces still peacelike in the weak sunlight. This is an altogether admirable novel, strongly and precisely imagined, clear-sighted, harsh yet forgiving.

CAFFING UP

LAURA DEL-RIVO: *Daffodil on the Pavement*. 224pp. Hutchinson. 25s.

This second novel by Miss Del-Rivo provides a somewhat shaggy account of Maggie's capers from the time of her Morrison-shelter childhood up to the present.

Maggie is an illegitimate child brought up by foster-parents who leave her, once her brief convent school days are over, to drift around London, feckless and intelligent. Her life, almost every day of it, seems horrible, yet on the whole she seems to like it—after all, wasn't there that time when she found a daffodil on the pavement?

To novel-readers of the 1960s the pattern will be familiar: up the punction and down the call, the jeans and jive, abortions and abortions, pop and pop, casual couples followed either by a *swindle* or by muzz, half-baked philosophy. And by the time the ragged little string of accidents is drawing to

a close two little more illegitimate have arrived because Maggie, having been futilely on hand when her mate Pat went through it all, thinks a fortiori is best left to take its course. And so the National Assistance comes marching heavily in to ensure that all can still be well, or not so bad anyway. In the British We've Built, Maggie, as she lobs lazily down the years, is contrasted with Jacob, who retains his energy and purposefulness although like her he has sloughed off all moral imperatives.

Miss Del-Rivo writes nicely even though her sentences are modestly short and flat. She can make words work for her, and this saves her book from sinking. But repetition, however exact, of sleazy trivia can be unrefreshing when stretched out to novel length.

THAT WAS NO MEDALLION

KENNETH O'HARA: *Unknown Man, Seen in Profile*. 192pp. Gollancz. 21s.

CELIA FREULIN: *Prisoner's Base*. 176pp. Gollancz. 18s.

ROSEMARY HARRIS: *All My Enemies*. 237pp. Faber and Faber. 21s.

Is *Unknown Man* . . . a first novel? The publishers don't tell us and we should like to know, for it is good and original. The story is told from the camera-eye of Birgit, the Danish wife of the rich man whose devotion is Pissanello medallions. Birgit is only another less valued possession and she accepts a lover. The lover vanishes and the peculiar blackmail begins.

The telling is sophisticated and urbane, sometimes almost to the point of classy copy-writing. But the story grips throughout. The balance between Birgit the polished possession and lovely Birgit near mad from desertion and terror holds us as

lightly as does the twisted plot of countervailing villains.

"In these days there are few sights more terrifying than that of a well-dressed man with a mopeknot looking at a piece of land." So begins Celia Freulin's new novel, less, perhaps, a thriller than an exposure of female nastiness posing as philanthropy. Powerfully destructive emotions are let loose, not so much those of Helen disturbed by adolescence, of Maurice by murder and pnetry, and of Mavis by fitful benefactions, mother, do-gooder, hell-bent for disaster.

But admirably as Miss Freulin uncovers nuptial nakedness, crime

suspected is less compelling than crime accomplished; and crime too long delayed and finally accidental is the most disappointing of all.

All My Enemies falls into the romance-thriller category. Clever pretty Jenny has lost her twin and her fiancé, then finds her twin only to lose her husband. The plot of which she is the centre is convincingly more nudged than she can understand and it takes her, terrified, to Paris and to sinister Alexandria. This type of novel can afford to exploit feeling, and Jenny's grief is movingly presented. Probably a woman's book, but none the worse for that.

OTHER NEW NOVELS

MARIA FAGYAS: *The Widemaker*. 232pp. Cassell. 21s.

To a small Hungarian village after the First World War the men ebb back from Russia. Then they die. So do other unwanted husbands. So do sick old people. So does the young squire, and it is his death which makes investigation and dreadful disclosure possible.

Maria Fagy's novel is based on an actual case, but even without the knowledge of reality behind it, the horrible story is convincing because she has fully created her village, its peasants with their potentialities and limits, the barbarism-civilization that marks all classes. One of the characters from outside suggests mass hysteria as an explanation, but he is wrong. The widemakers are not hysterical and this is why the story is so horrible.

MICHAEL KENYON: *The Whole Hog*. 255pp. Collins. 16s.

Mr. Kenyon's first book, *My Van Die in Ireland*, was good. The second is excellent. The subject, as the title suggests, is pig, and in particular a huge hog called Humphrey, a Yorkshire, who lives in a cage in a Chicago laboratory experimented on by Arthur, a Yorkshire braindrainer. Humphrey and his brethren erupt into unexpected friskiness which, it appears, could be relevant to war and space race, and so, of course, is of interest not only to the F.B.I., the C.I.A., the American Air Force, but also to them.

Expatriate Arthur is a lovable all-of-a-piece hero, his girl Liz an OK heroine, but it is the superbly who steals the scene and crowns this most enjoyable and unpretentious thriller. One small caveat, doubtfully added:

aren't English sheep and pigs stunned with electric shocks rather than directly dispatched by humane killers?

WINSTON GRAHAM: *The Walking Stick*. 318pp. Collins. 25s.

Mr. Graham gives us an accurate, ironic portrait of that generation of middle-aged parents now entering middle age, ossified in its own intelligent liberalism, tolerant (if success), humane (short of personal involvement). From this unassuming background his heroine, a crippled beauty, finds herself caught up in a jewelry theft, caught because one of the thieves, as it seems, offers her, for the first time in her life, love without pity. Her gradual involvement is well done—one explanation of principle leads to the next and the robbery itself has real significance.

Barbara Comyns: *A Touch of Mistletoe*. 213pp. Heinemann. 25s.

A Touch of Mistletoe sets out to trace the careers of beautiful Blanche and interesting Vicky, two country sisters who come to London in search of life and adventure. Depression and boils modify Blanche's ambitions and when, second time round, she finds wealth and a kind husband, the author's interest in her dwindles. We are left with Vicky, whose sense of adventure persists, and leads her into marriages with creative men of charming instability.

The confrontation of stultifying comfort and impoverished creativity is not an original subject, and Miss Comyns, like so many of the side of the romances, has no new discrimination to make. Basically sentimental, her book is rescued from triteness by the precision and variety of its detail, the occasional hits of an honest, if sometimes irritatingly simple style, and a determined optimism which is not entirely naive. Miss Comyns covers a good deal of O'Brien country without becoming maudlin.

ANTON MESMER

D. M. WAINSLAY

Time biography of scientist who added a word to the language. Illustrated. 25s.

MARILYN

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EDWIN P. HOYT

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Some Greek Islands

JOSEPH BRADDOCK

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ROBERT HALE

NEW MEASURE

The sixth issue is devoted to new American poetry, and is guest-edited by Stuart Morgan of the Fulcrum Press. It contains new poems by Edward Dora, Gary Snyder, Clayton Koppelman, Larry Eigner, Jerome Rothenberg, Joel Oppenheimer, Robert L. Peters, and an article on Robert Duncan by Gail Turnbull.

Four further issues of New Measure are planned. Single copies at 4/- (30.00) post free, or subscription to the full set of ten issues at £38.00. While back issues are available, may be ordered from the editor and publisher, Peter Jay, at Lincoln College, Oxford.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Age of Cricket, for Mr. Morrah closely adheres to Sir Neville's reiterated theory that cricket reflects the social aspects of the times. Mr. Morrah defines the "golden age" as occurring between 1895 and 1914 - Sir Neville, somewhat contradicting himself, is now inclined to place it in 1930, hardly a time of national pride or opulence - and manages to tell a familiar story in an interesting way. He does not allow himself many theoretical flourishes but his prose throughout is rich and satisfying and the great figures he celebrates are drawn with a discerning eye by their idiosyncrasies.

The Development of Personality. 118pp. Allen and Unwin. 20s.

The *Development of Personality* written by a medical man is intended for nurses, health visitors, teachers, marriage counsellors, social workers and others who have to deal with problems commonly called 'psychological'. Among the topics discussed are early emotional relationships, effects of parental deprivation, the growth and measurement of intelligence, psychosomatic illness and some psychological problems of adolescence. Although sensible and non-technical, this book inevitably conveys a somewhat didactic tone and takes its subject seriously. It is a useful and readable book and a suggestion that critical sense as well as knowledge is worth while would have made it a better book.

TSYLDR, MARGARET S: *The Crowdays of Ceythys Circle*. 190pp. Robert

Built by a Merthyr Tydfil ironmaster early in the last century, the pseudo-Gothic pile of *Cyfarthfa Castle* now houses a school and its grounds have become a public park. With the help of surviving letters and a diary Miss Taylor, as *curator* of the museum there, records the history of this extravagant piece of ostentation and the stressful story of its inhabitants through several generations.

Transactions of the Royal Historical Society, Vol. 16. 213pp. Royal Historical Society.

While the current volume begins with the twelfth century, represented by a study of one of Henry II's great ecclesiastical officials, Richard of Ilchester, the majority of the eight papers concentrate attention on more recent periods. Among them is one on the relationship between Gladstone and Lord John Russell, while another discusses Bismarck and the French Revolution. Two of the contributions deal with aspects of Scottish history.

Librarianship
 CORRELL, F. V. *An Introduction to Librarianship*. 442pp. Jones Clarke. 45s.
 This new edition of a textbook first published in 1963 takes account of new developments in the library world since then and, in particular, of the publication of the Public Libraries and Museums Act, 1964.
Library and Information Bulletin. Volume 1, Number 1. 32pp. The Library Association. Subscriptions 25 per annum.
 The Bulletin is to appear quarterly and its future contents may be as diverse as extant, modified or adapted to suit the needs and interests of users, as these become evident. The initial objective is to provide a means of seeking monographic additions to the stock of the Library Association's own library (and, incidentally, to introduce readers to the system of classification now adopted in preference to Dewey for the subject of library

MURRAH, PATRICK. *The Golden Age of Cricket. With an Introduction by Sir Neville Cardus.* 270pp. Eyre and Spottiswoode. £2 10s. It is appropriate that Sir Nevill Cardus should write an Introduction to Mr. Patrick Murrah's *The Golden*

KAMA SUTRA: Hindu Art of Love. Complete English translation of the celebrated original Sanskrit text, by the late Sir R. C. Shrivastava, M.A., B.L., F.R.S., with 16 fine drawings and 16 full-page illustrations. 160 pp. Published in India. D. B. Thompson & Sons, 4, Col. Private Ltd., Bombay. In U.S.A. and Canada, S. S. Krieger, Inc., 1714, London, S.W.6.

KAMA KALPA: Hindu Art of Love. (Hindu or Indian Love, Rites and Customs of Love and Sex.) Edited by P. Thomas, C.B. 222 illustrations. 244 pp. Published by D. B. Thompson & Sons, 4, Col. Private Ltd., Bombay, India. S. S. Krieger, Inc., 1714, London, S.W.6.

PUBLICATIONS: Seven Eves Road, South India, Cochin.

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the following: *A new and accurate Description of the Country of Gambia* by William Bosman 1577pp., £9s.) with a new introduction by John Ralph Willis and notes by D. Fage and E. E. Bradbury. The first English edition appeared in 1705, having previously been published in the Dutch in 1704. Later editions were the second edition in 1721 and the Sir Alfred Jones edition in 1907; *Travels and Life in Ashanti and Janam* by Richard Austin Freeman (1559pp., 66.6s.), which first came out in 1898 and now appears in a new edition; *Life in Southern Nigeria* by P. Amaury Talbot (358pp., £4.10s.) which was first published in 1923; *The Shona in the Bush* by A. Victor Murray (454pp., £2.15s.) which first appeared in 1929; *Religious Aspects of the Conquest of Mexico* by Charles S. Braden (134pp., £4.4s.) which was first published in 1930 by Duke University Press, Durham, N.C.; *The Agricultural Revolution in Nubia* by Naomi Riches, with a new bibliographical note by W. H. Chuloner (194pp., £2.5s.), first published in 1937 by the University of North Carolina Press; *Records of Captain Chipperton's Last Expedition to Africa* by Chipperton's lander, in 2 vols. (1941, 1942); *History of the People of the United States*, Vol. I, 293pp., £8.8s., the first to come out in 1830; *A Brief History of Palestine and its periods of occurrence in the United States* by Clement Luger, translated and edited with an introduction brought up to date by DeCourcy W. Thoni (159pp., £2.15s.), first published in 1893.

